

WEEKLY STATESMAN

—BY THE—

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THE CONNECTICUT MUDDLE.

Gov. Bulkeley was elected, not by the people, but by the legislature, to fill an unexpired term. That term has expired. Yet Bulkeley, by one of the boldest, most groundless usurpations in the history of New England, refuses to surrender his office to his duly elected successor. His only excuse is that he is holding over till the result of the recent election is officially declared by the legislature. But the house of representatives in which Bulkeley's party is dominant, refuses to make such declaration with the very transparent object of furnishing a pretext to the governor to remain in power. In the meantime it is contended the holdover privilege is limited by the Connecticut constitution to governors chosen at the regular popular election, which Bulkeley was not. The conspiring between him and his faction in the house to retain power unlawfully is as plain as the usurpation is odious. The people regretting tired of this sort of business. One of these days they will grind to fine powder the party guilty of trifling with their rights. The miserable quibbling now in progress in Connecticut is characteristic of the Republican party, one of the most recent illustrations being the bold capture of the two Montana senators.

WATTESSON ON HILL.

The interview with the Kentucky Warwick last week in reference to his famous Hill letter contains some spicy and refreshing observations, on the New York rival of Mr. Cleveland. Watterson, while admitting the letter looked worse in print than he thought it would, asserts that there was nothing in it that ninety-nine out of a hundred good Democrats could not have said to Gov. Hill had he asked them. If, says the Louisville editor, Hill had gone to Cleveland and said: "Here, Mr. Cleveland, there is a rumor that I sold you out in 1888, it is not so," and had he then taken charge of the campaign in New York and elected Cleveland the country would have rallied to him and nothing could keep him down as Cleveland's successor. The people, says Watterson, would have gone for him with tremendous enthusiasm. But he did not. Cleveland was defeated and Hill now looms up a candidate. In Watterson's opinion Hill is "nothing but a good organizer," and that he will be lost in the senate.

The Watterson interview is being used by the friends of Gov. Hill to the effect that a conspiracy, led by Watterson, has been formed to wipe out their favorite as a factor in next year's campaign.

It is plain that Watterson's ideas of the next Democratic nomination for the presidency are circumscribed to Cleveland and Hill. But may it not be time for him and other leaders of the party to disabuse themselves of the notion that the Democratic party is in the trouser pocket of any one or two men; that the party is compelled to take either Cleveland or Hill, and that Democratic success in the approaching presidential campaign is dependent on the selection of a standard bearer from that very uncertain State—New York? Mr. Watterson himself, if he lived just across the Ohio, instead of in Kentucky, would probably make as good a race and come as near carrying New York and the country as either Cleveland or Hill. It is the principle, not so much the man, on which we must depend next year. Tariff reform will carry the country as it did last year.

THE NEW ORLEANS TRAGEDY.

While mob law is to be wholly deplored, it is never safe, and by it the innocent not unfrequently suffer, who shall say that the people of New Orleans can be lightly blamed for taking the law in their own hands yesterday as a matter of pure self defense, and for the security of their homes and their lives? Who shall say that the Sicilians slain in the parish prison yesterday did not get the justice due their infamous crime? Polizzi, who was hung to a tree, confessed during the trial and said that Scofield, one of the prisoners, was the man who shot Chief Hennessey.

The citizens of New Orleans were convinced of the guilt of the prisoners and that the jury who found the verdict of not guilty as to several of them

had been packed. The mass meeting which assembled at the Clay statue felt that the courts afforded them no protection and hence determined themselves to make a terrible example of the assassins. It was done. Right or wrong the next gang of scoundrels who undertake to shoot down the chief of police will stop to reflect, through fear not of the courts but of the mob vengeance that overtook Polizzi, Marchesi and the other conspirators yesterday.

H. SINFUL CANFIELD the other day indulged in some kindly warning to us, but he now has filled our souls with trepidation and fear for him. For a column and a half he, on Saturday, indulged in a terrible criticism of that sportive and lamb-like individual, John L. Sullivan. It was all to the effect that the great slugger was no actor. The telegraph office was, until a late hour last night, often visited with solicitous dread, and this morning the hope is again indulged that the incisive paragraphist and sweet singer of southwest Texas journalism is still in health and happiness, spared to his brethren of the faber and the constituency who love him.

When it is noted that the Capitolian buys no news by wire, much less news outside of the state, that paper must be congratulated upon its enterprise shown in its flaming "special" purporting yesterday afternoon to tell all about the fearful rioting in New Orleans yesterday morning. The report, however, was far more sanguinary than truthful. The latter though must be forgiven as the "sensation" was secured. The "special" writer in the Capitolian office may not always be "dead to rights" as to his facts, but he certainly is a three-ply word artist and his imagination is not to be tied down by such earthly things as telegraph wires.

It is hard to require legislative talent to work for two dollars a day, but then our solons knew of such possibility when they offered themselves up as sacrifices for the good people. With such fate in view, how many days of the better paid sixty could have been saved? THE STATESMAN heartily sympathizes with the legislators upon the near approach of their decreased per diem, but it respectfully asks them how much of the work they came here to do has been accomplished?

Forty years ago the people of San Francisco arose en masse and strung up their cutthroats to the lamp posts. There was a general hanging. San Francisco has been a quiet city ever since. The people of New Orleans, whose courts have been for twenty years prostituted to politics or money, were in much the same situation when they took hold of the Hennessey assassins yesterday.

My Lords and Gentlemen of Commons, "the constitution" must remain inviolate. But then that apportionment question is not so vitally important is it—and after all does "the constitution" always mean what it says?

As the execution of Spies, Parsons and their pals uprooted anarchism in Chicago, so the lynching of Hennessey's murderers yesterday is a death blow to the Mafia society, at least in New Orleans.

The most interesting thing connected with every legislature is the game of "hide and seek" always practiced with "the constitution."

Was not an appointive commission a clear cut idea in the last campaign?

Who of those now opposing it fought it then?

The constitution! Oh, the constitution! By that sign we must triumph.

A Distressing Case and Happy Cure.

"For ever a year I have had a breaking out on my leg, which troubled me so bad I could not walk, leg badly swelled, of a purple color, with eruptions so bad that blood would ooze out if I bore my weight on it. I was recommended to try Clarke's Extract of Flax (Papillon) Skin Cure, which I have done. My leg is now well and I can walk two miles on it without any trouble." Signed, "A. D. Hay ard."

Clarke's Flax Soap makes the skin soft and prevents chapping. Skin Ct. & Fl. Soap 35 cents. For sale by O. S. Smith.

Good Advice, Showing Result.

Edward Silvey, Chicago gives testimony: "My wife had Catarrh twenty-five years; suffered severely for six years before she began to use your remedy. Unable to breathe except through the mouth; in a most critical condition. Tried everything without relief, when Dr. Stroeter advised her to buy Clarke's Extract of Flax (Papillon) Catarrh Cure. Relief followed immediately. She continued to use it until she is now entirely cured. Her health has not been so good in many years." Price \$1. Wash the Baby with Clarke's Flax Soap, 25 cents. Oscar Samoetz now has the Flax remedies on hand.

VENGEANCE!

A Terrible Tragedy in the City of New Orleans.

A MOB OF TEN THOUSAND MEN

EXECUTES A TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION ON HENNESSEY'S MURDERERS.

SHOT TO DEATH IN THE PRISON.

TWO OF THEM, INCLUDING POLIZZI, HUNG TO A TREE ON CONGO SQUARE.

SEARCH FOR DETECTIVE O'MALLEY

Who Packed the Jury for the Murderers and Got Them Clear—The Scenes at Clay Statue.

FEARFUL EXCITEMENT IN THE CITY.

N. W. ORLEANS, La., March 14.—The scenes at and about the Clay statue this morning brought to mind the uprising of September nearly sixteen years ago. Ten o'clock had not yet struck and a vast multitude was already congregated on Canal street and filled up the large space from curb to curb on each side of the Boulevard. At 10 o'clock W. S. Parkerson, Jno. C. Wickliffe and others who had signaled to call for a mass meeting came up. "Fall in! Fall in!" was the cry and amid deafening shouts several of the crowd formed a procession which went around the railing several times. Cries for Parkerson and Wickliffe arose and soon these gentlemen ascended the steps. They stood erect and motionless, surveying the surging multitude, from whose ranks there gleamed faces full of resolve and determination.

There were fully 3000 people within ear shot and more could be seen struggling, pushing and running here and there on neutral ground. Street cars were unable to pass through; carriages, carts, wagons, cabs and vehicles of all descriptions were halted. The people were about to exercise their mighty prerogative of sovereignty, and were in no mood to move. There was a fixed purpose to hear what they expected would be said and to what an outraged community felt should be done. Parkerson spoke first. He said that once before he had appeared before the people in a grand mass meeting, assembled to discuss a matter vital to the interest of the community and again he faces the people of New Orleans to denounce the most infamous act which was consequent upon the most revolting crime in the annals of any community. That act was the finding of the jury in the murder trial yesterday, and that crime was, as everybody knows, the foul assassination of the chief of police. "I desire neither fame or glory," said Parkerson. "I am a plain American citizen, and as a good citizen I am here."

John C. Wickliffe was the next speaker, and he spoke in about the same strain.

The indignant citizens, about 2000 in number reached the Parish prison at 10:30 this morning. The officers were W. S. Parkerson, captain; J. D. Houston, first lieutenant; J. C. Wickliffe, second lieutenant. Many men were armed with Winchester rifles, and revolvers protruded from many pockets. As the crowd marched away a cheer rent the air, that could be heard squares away. The police did not interfere in any way with the proceedings. The mob broke the inside gate of the Parish prison and a regular fusillade ensued. There were eleven Sicilians killed as follows: Scofield, Marchese, Romero, Bagnetto, Monastero, Cornitze, Gerachi, Taina, Nachea and Puitze, and there were hung to trees on middle grounds fronting the prison two, Bagnetto and Polizzi. Sergeant Hieron was shot in the neck and slightly wounded. The police offered no resistance. The mob then returned to the starting point and dispersed. Another mass meeting will be held tonight with reference to O'Malley the obnoxious detective.

The crowd that collected around the parish prison must have numbered ten thousand. Those hung were Polizzi to a lamp post and Bagnetto to a tree on the middle ground in front of the prison. Both were riddled with bullets. The crowd is now dispersing, but searching for O'Malley is now going on.

A LATER ACCOUNT.

New Orleans struck the Mafia (society of assassins) a death blow today. It rose in its might almost at midday and wreaked terrible vengeance upon Sicilian assassins who relentlessly slew David C. Hennessey and although there are eleven men dead tonight who were happy yesterday over their victory in greatest criminal trial the city has ever witnessed, the work of blood was accomplished without unnecessary disorder, without rioting, without pillaging, and without the infliction of suffering upon any innocent man, save one, and he was only slightly hurt. It was not an unruly midnight mob. It was simply a sudden determined body of citizens, who took in their own hands what justice had ignorantly failed to do.

The chief of police was slain on October 15 and that very night evidence began to accumulate, showing that his death had been deliberately planned by a set of traitors carried out boldly and successfully by the tools of the conspirators.

The trial lasted twenty-five days, and though the evidence seemed conclusive, the

jury is currently charged with having been tampered with and failed to convict.

Last night a body of cool headed men, lawyers, doctors, merchants and political leaders, all persons of influence and social standing, quietly met and decided that some action must be taken and the people's justice, swift and sure, visited upon those whom the jury had neglected to punish.

This morning a call for a mass meeting at Clay square, on Canal street, appeared in the papers, which editorially deprecated violence, but the significant closing sentence in the call was "come prepared for action."

Down in a large room on Bienville and Royal there was an arsenal which had been provided by a body of citizens and the call was answered by the populace at 1 o'clock. There was a crowd of several thousand anxious people congregated around the street.

They hardly knew what was going to happen, but they seemed ready to go to any length, and while there were of course many of the lower element in the throng, a large portion were the leading people of the town. There were three addresses, short and pithy and business-like, and the assemblage, not unwilling, was soon keyed to a high pitch, of demonstrative in its denunciation of the assassins.

Each of the speakers said there had been a great mass meeting months before which had met quietly and dispersed peacefully, so that the law might take its course. The law had failed. The time to act had come. W. S. Parkerson, the leader, is a prominent lawyer here, president of the Southern Athletic club and a man who led a vigorous city reform movement three years ago.

Walter D. Denegre, another one of the leaders of the New Orleans bar; John C. Wickliffe, also a prominent attorney, and James D. Houston, one of the foremost men of the state.

After denouncing Detective O'Malley, who is supposed to have tampered with the jury, the speakers announced that they would lead the way to the Parish prison, Wickliffe concluding with these words: "Shall the Mafia be allowed to flourish in this city? Shall the Mafia be allowed to cut down our chief of police? Shall the Mafia be allowed to bribe jurors to let murderers go scot free?"

By this time the crowd had swelled to 3000 or more, and before any one could realize what happened a great throng, gaining recruits at a very step, went down the streets to the Parish prison, stopping only once and that was at the arsenal, where double-barreled shot-guns, Winchester, rifles and pistols were handed out to responsible and respectable citizens in the party.

THE STARTING OF THE CROWD had an electric effect on the city. Soon the streets were alive with people running from all directions and joining the main body, which moved suddenly down Rampart street to the jail near Congo square. Doors and windows were thrown open and men, women and children crowded on the galleries to encourage those who were taking part and to witness the scenes. When the main crowd from Canal reached the prison there had already collected there a dense throng, all eager to take a hand in whatever might happen.

A band of armed citizens reached the prison, which is many squares from Canal street, the grim old building was surrounded on all sides. Sheriff Villere when he heard that the movement was on foot to take the prisoners, armed his deputies and then started on a hunt for Mayor Shakespeare. The Italian consul also was on guard at the prison. Rogers joined in his pursuit, but his honor does not reach his office until noon, and he was not to be found at any of his regular haunts. The governor had not heard of any uprising and had no time to act, and the police force was too small to offer much resistance to an army of avengers. Superintendent Gaston had offered an extra detail of officers to be sent to the jail, and this small crowd kept the sidewalks around the old building clear until

swelling all the time like a mighty roaring sea, surged around the door and crowded the leaden door of blue coats away. Capt. Lem Davis was on guard at the main entrance with a scant force of deputies.

There were swept away like chaff before the wind and in an instant the little anteroom leading into the prison was jammed with eager, excited men. Meanwhile the prisoners were stricken with terror, for they could hear distinctly the shouts of the people without madly demanding their blood. Innocent and guilty alike were frightened out of their senses. The prisoners who were charged with crimes other than complicity in the murder of the chief also shared in the general demoralization. Some of the braver among the representatives of the Mafia wanted the killing for their lives and they pleaded for weapons with which to defend themselves and when they could not find these they sought hiding places. The deputies, thinking to deceive the crowd by a ruse transferred nineteen men to the female department, and there the miserable Sicilians trembled at the terror of the moment when the doors would yield to the angry throng on the outside. Capt. Davis refused the request to open the prison and the crowd began the work of battering in the jail doors. Around on Orleans street there was a heavy wooden door which had been closely barred in an anticipation of the coming of the avenging force. The crowd selected this as the best chance of getting in. The public buildings readily supplied axes and battering rams and willing hands went to work to force an opening. This did not prove difficult to the trembling but determined throng. Soon there was a crash. The door gave way and in an instant armed citizens were pouring through the small opening, while mighty shouts went up from 1000 throats in glad acclaim. There was more resistance for the intruders, however, but it was too soon overcome with a big pile of wood, which a stout man carried. Then the turnkey was overpowered and the keys taken away from him. By that time the excitement outside was intense, none the less when a patrol wagon drove up with a detachment of police who were driven away under a fire of mud and stones. When leaders inside got possession of keys the inside gate was promptly unlocked and the deputies in the lobby rapidly got out of harm's way.

THE AVENGERS pressed into the yard where the prisoners' door of the first cell was opened and a group of trembling prisoners stood inside. They were not the men wanted and the crowd very quickly found with remarkable coolness forced its way into the yard. Peering through the bars of a condemned cell was a terror stricken face which some one misooked for Scofield. A volley was fired at the man and he dropped, but none of the shots struck him, and it was subsequently found that he was not one of the assassins. The inmates of the jail were ready to direct the way to where the Italians were. Someone yelled, and thither the men went with Winchester, but the door was locked. Then the leader called to a volunteer who knew the right men, and a volunteer responded and the door was thrown open. The call was deferred, but an old woman, speaking as fast as she could, said the men were upstairs. A party of 700 quickly ascended the stairs, and as they reached the landing the crowd followed them down the other end. Half a dozen followed them, scarcely a word being spoken. It was a time for action. When the pursued and the pursuers reached the stone courtyard the former dashed toward the Orleans side of the gallery and crouched down behind the cells with their faces blanched, and being

unarmed were absolutely defenseless. In fear and trembling they screamed for mercy, but the avengers were merciless.

BANG! BANG! BANG! rang the reports of the murderous weapons and a deadly rain of bullets poured into the crouching figures. Gerachi, the closest man, was struck in the back of his head and his body pitched forward and lay immovable on the stone pavement. Romero fell to his knees with his face in his hands, and in that position was shot to death. Monasterio and James Caruso fell together under the fire of half a dozen shots, and the deadly bullets entering their bodies and necks and the blood gushing from the wounds.

The bloody executioners did their work well and beneath the continuing fire Gometes and Taina, two of the men who had not been tried, but who were charged jointly with others, fell together. Their bodies were literally riddled with bullets and they were stone dead almost before the fusillade was over.

When the group of assassins was discovered on the gallery, Macheca, Scofield and old man Marchesi separated from the other six and ran up stairs. Thither half a dozen men followed them and as the horror stricken assassins ran into their cells they were slain. Joe Macheca, who was charged with being the arch conspirator, was a short, fat man and was summarily dealt with. He had his back turned when a shot struck him immediately behind the ear and his death was instantaneous.

Scofield, one of the most villainous of the assassins dropped like a log when a bullet hit him in the eye. Old man Marchesi was the only man who was not killed outright. He was struck in the top of the head while he stood beside Macheca, and though mortally wounded he lingered till evening. Polizzi, the crazy man, was backed up in a cell upstairs. The door was opened and one of the avengers, taking aim, shot him through the body. He was not killed outright, and in order to satisfy the people on the outside, who were crazy by this time, he was dragged down stairs and through the doorway by which the crowd had entered. He carried, half dragged, he was taken to the corner. A rope was provided and tied around his neck, and the people pulled him up to a cross bar. Not satisfied that he was dead, they shot into his body, and for several hours the body was left dangling in the air.

Bagnetto was caught in the first rush up stairs and the first volley of bullets pierced his brain. He was pulled out by a number of stalwart men through the main entrance and from the limb of a tree his body was suspended, although the way down was just as soon as the bloody work was done.

PARKERSON ADDRESSED THE CROWD and asked them to disperse. They consented to do with a shout, but first they made a rush for Parkerson, and lifting him bodily, supported him on their shoulders, while they marched up the street. The avengers came back in a body to Clay statue and there paraded. Immense crowds rushed from all directions to the neighborhood of the tragedy, and the streets in front of the new paper offices were blocked with people anxious to see the latest bulletins. There was suppressed excitement, but from one end of the city to the other the action of the citizens was applauded.

O'Malley, the detective, who would have shared the fate of the assassins if he had been caught, had appeared and it is not known if he will return, and numbers of the jury are in hiding. The atmosphere has been considerably purged and though there is a big crowd on Canal street tonight the trouble seems all over. The Italian consul declined to say tonight what action, if any, he will take. The bodies of some of the slain were removed this evening.

Charles Tristano, a gun shot wound in the chest, was carried to the hospital, but has no children. Romero has a wife and children and Macheca a wife and family. Countess leaves a wife.

Coroner Lemonnier and his clerk Henri Labarre reached the Parish prison about 12:30 o'clock. The coroner viewed first the bodies of those lying in the yard. A jury was empaneled as follows: J. S. Starnbury, W. J. Leppert, John Huiary, W. J. Gaban, Will Porter.

The body of Koco Geraci was viewed. He had only one wound in the chest, he died from a hemorrhage.

Peter Monastero, gunshot wound in the back of the head, a bruise on the neck.

Charles Tristano, a gunshot wound in the chest, one gunshot wound in the left side of the face, a gunshot wound in the back at the left shoulder, on the top of the left shoulder and in the back.

Jim Caruso, numerous gun shot wounds on the anterior of the body from the head to the knees, one wound in the face, one in the neck, nine in the chest, twelve in the abdomen, four in the groin, five in the right thigh, four in the left thigh.

Locetti and Z. gun shot wound of the chest anterior, eleven wounds in the top of the head, four in the right side of the body, a wound in the left side. All these were gunshot wounds.

Francis Romero, alias Nine Fingers, gunshot wound in the head, above the forehead. All the shot lodged in the head, and the skull inside is completely shattered.

THE BODIES UP STAIRS.

This completed the inquest in the yard. The coroner, his jury and members of the press sat, went up stairs and on the gallery and the coroner viewed the bodies which were held on the bodies there lying.

Antonio Scofield had a gunshot wound of the brain. The ball entered above the right eye. Joseph P. Macheca had not a single bullet wound in him. His face was swollen and his flesh already assuming a bluish tint. The coroner examined the body and stripped it of every stitch of clothing. Although the dead man's coat, vest and shirt showed bullet holes his under shirt was not pierced. This was conclusive proof no bullets had entered his body. It was evident Macheca was clubbed to death with the ends of rifles and pistols. However the coroner postponed the examination of Macheca's body to a later hour. He then turned to Marchesi, who was found to be still alive. The man's chin and the foremuscles of the neck moved slowly and laboriously. He was just as good as dead, though, as was evidenced by a note as large as a silver quarter in his hand.

Marchesi had several fingers shot off also from his right hand. "He will die in a few minutes," remarked the coroner.

Meanwhile Dr. Lee Moore, a surgeon, was so to perform a careful autopsy of Macheca. The jury will not render a verdict until the later autopsy is made.

Antonio Bagnetto was hanged on neutral ground. His body dangled in the air for about an hour and a half. It was taken down by the police and placed in the Forensic precinct station. Coroner Lemonnier found that death was caused by strangulation.

Manuel Polizzi was strung to a lamp post. His body was also removed to the police station. His corpse was riddled with bullets. Death resulted from gun shot wounds of the head and chest. There were marks of strangulation.

The stock exchange met today and discussed the action of Foreman Seligman of the Hennessey jury. As a result of the discussion.

SELIGMAN WAS EXPELLED.

Seligman has been expelled also from the Young Men's Gymnastic Club. The call was by the citizens' committee yesterday as follows:

"All good citizens are invited to attend a mass meeting on Saturday, March 14, at 10 o'clock a. m., at Clay Statue, to take steps to remedy the failure in the Hennessey case. Come prepared for action."

[Signed] John G. Wickliffe, B. F. Glover, J. G. Pepper, C. F. Rogers, F. E. Jones, Raymond Hayes, L. F. Rogers, John Parker, Jr., Harris R. Lewis, S. Villere, Wm. M. Bailey, L. E. McMillan, G. E. Jones, J. Queney, D. K. Calder, Thos. Henry, James Lee McLean,

A Spring Medicine.

FOR TIRED MAN AND WOMAN.

P. P. P. will purify and vitalize your blood, create a good appetite and give your whole system tone and strength.

A prominent railroad superintendent at Savannah, suffering with Malaria, Dyspepsia, and Rheumatism says: "After taking P. P. P. he never felt so well in his life, and feels as if he could live forever, if he could live over 2, P. P. P."

If you are tired out from over-work and close confinement, take

P. P. P.

If you are feeling badly in the spring and out of sorts, take

P. P. P.

If your digestive organs need toning up, take

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If you suffer with headache, indigestion, debility and weakness, take

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If you enter with nervous prostration, nerves strung and a general let down of the system, take

P. P. P.

For Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Old Sores, Malaria, Chronic Painful Complaints, take

P. P. P.

Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium.

The best blood purifier in the world.

JIPMAN BROS., Wholesale Druggists, Sole Proprietors,

LIPPMAN'S BLOCK, Savannah, Ga.

Actual Causes of the Tragedy.

The following is given as a clear statement of the actual causes which led to the tragedy this morning as ascertained from interviews with a number of prominent citizens, some of them participants in the stirring events of today.

On the 15th of October, 1890, about 11 o'clock at night, D. C. Hennessey, chief of police of the city of New Orleans going from his office to his home was way laid and shot to pieces by a band of Italian assassins armed with such thunderbolts as could only have been made and used for purposes of assassination. Loud magnification and excitement were such that mob law and lynching were to be resorted to. The entire community felt in the endeavor to reach the guilty parties innocent Italians might be sacrificed. To allay excitement and to assist the constituted authorities the mayor of the city appointed a committee of fifty representative citizens to take charge of the investigation and aid in the trial and conviction of the assassins. This measure arrested violence. The committee entered upon its work and at a mass meeting subsequently in front of the city hall the action of the committee was ratified and they were encouraged to continue their labors to secure prosecution and trial by the courts. After months of preparations in which distinguished counsel assisted the able district attorney the jury was charged to have been bribed and corrupted. In the face of testimony establishing their guilt rendered a verdict of mistrial as to three of the assassins, Scofield, Monasterio and Polizzi, and acquitted the three assassins Macheca, Marchesi and Bagnetto. There were no on trial and were acquitted because of insufficient evidence. These being the facts, the Italian Mafia, the chief conspirator, and of Marchesi and Bagnetto, and the mistrial as to as to Polizzi, Scofield and Monasterio fell like a thunderbolt upon the community, and improved the law abiding citizens with the conviction that the laws had been invaded; that the vendetta invited assassination and the enfolding of the Italian Mafia upon American institutions. The feeling grew strong that for self preservation the people must assume the authority which they had delegated to the courts, and which the courts were powerless to enforce. This feeling increased until it found vent in a mass meeting this morning at 10. This uprising of the people to secure the punishment of the assassins who struck down their chief officer of police in the night was orderly, and the people dispersed quietly as soon as their work of vengeance was done.

GERMANY.

DEATH OF DR. WINDTHORST.

BERLIN, March 14.—Dr. Ludwig Windthorst, parliamentary leader of the Catholic party in Prussia, who has been dangerously ill for some days past, died at 4:45 this morning. He was born January 17, 1812. Windthorst at midnight was merely able to whisper replies to inquiries as to his condition. Suddenly, however, his voice returned and he imagined he was in the reichstag. Windthorst delivered passionate addresses in favor of the abolition of the law expelling the Jesuits from Germany. The veteran leader's voice while he delivered the address could be clearly heard through three rooms. He never spoke after having concluded his remarks upon that bill.

In the reichstag President Legetz delivered a most affecting eulogy upon the death of Windthorst.

Adopting the Australian System.

PHOENIX, Ariz., March 14.—The legislature has passed the bill establishing the Australian ballot system in the territory.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)

Cure BILIOUS and

Nervous ILLS.

25cts. a Box.

OF ALL DRUGGISTS.